

THE  
GIPSIES SONG.

I'D rather be the *Gipsies* Lord and Sovereign,  
Than be the *German* Emperor, or the King of *Spain*.  
*And a Gipsie I will be, will be, will be;*  
*And a Gipsie I will be.*

The mighty KING of *Gipsie's* Power is so great,  
That every little *Farm-house* affordeth him a Treat.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

Their Pigs and their Poultry are their lawfull Prize  
For time, time out of mind has been their King's Excise.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

They filch and they plunder every little Thing;  
And all is for to keep up the Grandeur of their King.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

They pilfer and they steal, and yet so cunningly,  
They never come within the Compass of a *Hue and Cry*.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

Who would be a States-man that faileth every Hour;  
Sometimes he sets at Helm, and sometimes in the *Tower*.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

The *Gipsies* make all Rebels tast of Sorrows cup;  
Without a *London* Jury they'l Hang a Traitor up.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

Fortunes they tell, and Pockets pick at once:  
Still, still, the Honour of their King for to advance.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

A Seraglio of *Doxies* are at his Command,  
With them he ——— and Tipples as long as he can stand.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

From the King of *Gipsies* my Soul shall never start,  
'Cause He's the greatest Favourite that has the Loyal't Heart.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

Learn all you *English* Subjects of *Gipsies* to Obey;  
For He's the greatest Monarch that does absolutely Sway.  
*And a Gipsie, &c.*

Example take, O *CHARLES*, from the *Gipsies* Crown:  
Reward Thy Loyal Subjects, and beat the Traitors down.  
*And Thy Subject I will be, will be, will be:*  
*Thy Subject I will be.*